Fables of Ophelia; or, Wunst Upon a Time By Clare Victor Dwiggins





30 SHE ASHED MISS PARROT TO SHOW HER HOW ---

I LAID AN EGG! I LAID AN EGG I LAID AN EGG! I LAID AH EGG!

AND WHEN SHE LEARNED, SHE WENT AROUND TELLING EVERY THING SHE KNOWED -





"Modern Marriage" Old-Fashioned Comedy in Disguise. BY CHARLES DARNTON.

FTER all the eternal triangles and divorce jangles that have disturbed the A peace of the theatre since the beginning of alimony, Advanced Matrimony ought to offer fresh possibilities. No doubt more than one thwarted reck-ender carried this hope with him to the Bijou Theatre on Saturday night.

But the chief trouble with "Modern Marriage" was that it talked all round the subject, instead of getting down to funny altuations. It proved almost as "gabby" as the Lady of the Lilles who arrived from France earlier in the day. One good situation might have saved the play by bringing it out of a sea. of small talk, amusing enough at times but rather tiresome in the long run of tongues. The atmosphere, too, was so foreign that even a gilmpse of Central Bark could not make us feel perfectly at home.

In taking a good idea from the German, Harrison Bhodes made the mistake of bringing with it a decided Teutonic spirit. Perhaps, he couldn't shake it offbother of adapting plays! Anyway, there it was, and there it remained through three acts, in spite of excellent stage settings. The author



new, of course, in the taming of the young wife by the husband's going her one better every time she started to kick over the domestic traces, but there was some novlatest improvements that women nowa-days like to talk about when they aren't actually shouting the battleery of However. the nevelty soon wore off, leaving "Modern Marriage" merely old-fashioned comedy is disguise. .

It was all too easy for the husband who posed as the author ringe. Phere never ability to change his mind in the end A As for the red-cov As for the red-cov-cred book ttself. They say he is one or them kind or which was forever men that makes his wife mad and being consulted as the last word in matrimonial arguhave gained the everlesting gratitude of a throwing " at her husband's head This

of whiskey that would kill a man at twenty yards, and never feel it.

goods of femininity became as irritating as the proverbial red ras-It wasn't a bad plan for Cornelius to agree to everything Victoria proposed and by applying the homeopathic method in aliopathic doses bring her round to the good old-fashioned point of view, but the play would have been far more up-to-date and the comic possibilities greater if Virginia had trumped Cornelius's card occasionally-somewhat as the wives did in "Is Matrimony a Failure?" In Americanizing the play Mr. Rhodes evidently forgot that domestic arrangements in Germany are a trifle more lordly than those in this country. The result was that the domestic atmosphere of this clarmingly independent quarter of the

globe was never for a moment suggested. Only clever lines kept the argument from seeming wholly one-sided, as, for example: "No woman can ever love any man as much as the hates her own husband." Further proof that the spirit of woman still lived came with the report that a man had hugged his wife so hard that he had broken two of her ribe in this placid comment: "After all, one has quite a number of ribe!" Other lines touching upon separate bedrooms and equally intimate matters went pretty far-all the way back to Germany it would seem, if you happened to be of a suspicious turn of mind. But it must be admitted that Cornelius was always arixious to please. He was quite ready to adopt a child. In his opinion no gentleman would put his wife to the trouble of-ahom!

To return to highly moral ground, there was a very good spinster, the real suther of the inevitable book. In drawing this character the German play-vright may have had in mind that knowing Swedish spinster, Ellen Key, whose "Love and Marriage" took Germany by storm several years ago. The plain, drab little creature whose looks belied her purple view was dieverly portrayed by Miss Margaret Seddon.

Cyril Scott acted the young husband with the assured, glib, patronizing com placence that has become his stage halfmark. Like him, Miss Emily Stevens, as the wife, did not seem quite real. Her sharp personality robbed the role of the charm it required, but her cool intelligence enabled her to give Victoria a certain clear-cut quality. Miss Rene Kelly was attractive and Percy Ames drily amusing as another married pair that seemed, however, little more than a counterpart of Cornelius and Victoria. Albert Gran, who knows how to do a amouth thing smoothly, found hincoulf badly off in the empty part of an uncle. The play at the Bijou is midly entertaining, but judged as a comedy "Modern Marriage" cannot be said to be wedded to its art.

Interesting Bits of Information.

mantown Mennonite church in German- y beings; of Hinduo mythology. tewn avenue, above Herman street, Philadelphia, is a tombstone on which this sentence is inscribed: "By George.

The Russian Government has under consideration projects for rendering the Dnieper and the North Donets navigable by means of a system of siulces.

Among the relics in the ancient Ger-, ordinarily used by the Devatas (heaven-

The ratio of deaths to births among shildren under one year of age in Moscow in 1909 reached the starting ngure of \$21 to a thousand. In Montreal it is

Hindoo belief and lore alike strongly hold that aerial navigation is not the new thing that it is claimed to be in Europe. It is said that aeroplanes of some sort or other were the conveyance or black fur.

Austrian farmers have taken to breed instrument for their fur, by way of unitaring timbered sections of their tand which have little value otherwise. It has been found that the animals can be bred to produce white, gray, brown or black fur.

New Plans Babbling Bess

By Harry Palmer

GUESS I'LL CLOSE UP THE OFFICE I WOUDHY IN THE MEANTIME"





LL the neighbor wimmin don' The Hedgeville Editor have much use for Old Fork. By John L. Hobble then refuses to quarrel with her.

Perrin Kelly says he can take a drink Too menny parents think that to A N ounce ov exaggeration is good of whiskey that would kill a man at be good they must be a good A for a pound ov trubble in enny family.

N-i-g-h-t! By Ferd G. Long G-0-0-d



THE GREATER CONEY

It Conjures Up Fond Memories Which Reunite Two Hearts Estranged.

BY O. HENRY.

in' itself on the beach, and thought about the time me and Norah Flynn sat in' itself on the beach, and thought about the time me and Norah Flynn sat on that spot last summer. 'Twas before reform struck the island, and we was happy. We had tintypes and chowder in the ribaid dives, and the Expytlan Sorceress of the Nila told Norah out of her hand, while I was waitin' in the door, that 'twould be the luck of her to marry a red headed goxsoon with two crooked legs, and I was overrunnin' with joy on account of the allusion.

A PRIORI REASONING.

"I don't see what's the use of my being vaccinated again." said Tommy, having his arm for the doctor.

"The human body changes every even years, Tommy," replied his mother. "You are sleven years old now. Tou were in your fourth year when you were to marry a red headed goxsoon with two crooked legs, and I was overrunnin' baby. Has that run out too?" line to the control of the allusion.

EXT Sunday," said Dennis Carnahan, "Till be after going down to see the new coney I sland that's riam the anse of the old resort. I make a phoenix bird from the anse of the old resort. I'm going with Norah Flynn, and we'll fall victims to all the dry goods defail victims to the ginks silk ribbons on the recassibile problems in the incubator klosk.

"Was I there before? I was, I was there last Tuesday. Did I see the sight? I did not.

"Last Monday I amalgamated myself with the Brieklayers' Union, and in accordance with the rules I was ordered to quit work the same day on account of a sympathy strike with the Lady Salmon Canners' Lodgs, No. 2, of Tacoms. Washington.

"I was disturbed in mind and proclivities by losing me job, bein siready harassed in me soul on account of havin' quarrelled with Norah Flynn a week before by reason of hard words week before by reason and Street Sprinkler Divers' semi-annual ball, caused by jealousy and prickly heat and that divil, Andy Cognila.

"So, I says, it will be Coney for Tuesday; and if the chutas and the short change and the green-corn silk between the teeth don't create diversions and get me feeling better, then I don't know at ell.

"Te will have heard that Coney has received moral reconstruction. The old Howery, where they used to take your tintype by force and give ye knockout drops before having your pain read, is now called the Wall street of the isleant. The proper street was the street of the isleant of the control of the street of the isleant of the control of